THE

PITTIAD:

A

SATIRE.

When you cenſure the Age, be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the Courtiers offended ſhould be:
If you mention VICE or BRIBE, 'tis to pat to all the Tribe,
Each cries, That was levell'd at me.

BEG. OPERA.

By DOLL COMMON.

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To the PUBLIC.

AS my preſent Circumſtances compel me to be COURTEOUS to all MANKIND, I have wrote the following PIECE in ſuch a Meaſure, that the PURCHASER may either READ it or SING it, juſt as it may ſuit his Inclination, to TUNES well known throughout the Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN.

DOLL COMMON

THE

PITTIAD:

A

SATIRE.

POLITICAL GAMESTERS, and wretched Fault-finders,

Who mumble P-TT's Meaſures, without any Grinders;

Ye Leaders of PARTY, and Slaves to your Paſſion,

That harraſs the K—G, to diſturb the whole Nation;

That write without *Genius*, and ſpeak without Thinking,

And lay Gins for Hares, where a Fox has been ſtinking:

That ſteal others Thoughts, and then ſwear 'em your own,

Then puff 'em for *new* thro' th' intelligent Town;

Next, read 'em in *private*, tho' ſcarce meritorious,
And boaſt, that in *public*, black Schemes are all-glorious.
But know, who fling Dirt at a well-poliſh'd Plane,
Muſt expect what returns to receive back again:
So they, who P-TT's Meaſures would turn into Vices,
The Nation ſhould hack 'em, or cut 'em in Slices;
Then ſtew 'em, or broil 'em, to feed *Frenchmen*'s Courage,
Inſtead of their *Soup*, or their *Soup-maigre* Porrage.

Ye Grumblers of BRITAIN, with Meanneſs of Spirit,
Who pilfers from no Man, is great thro' his Merit;
I'll PITT him 'gainſt thouſands of pitiful Writers,
And ſpit in the Faces of all his Backbiters:
I'll juſtify all his paſt Meaſures in *treating*;
The *Proof of the Pudding muſt be in the Eating*.

Yet WITLINGS, who're wedded to Rhiming and Learning,
Poſſeſſing all Talents, but thoſe of *diſcerning*;
Ye Lordlings of Trade to our BRITISH Plantations,
Write and print, ere you're baniſh'd, your own Recantations:
On Knees bent with Sorrow, and Eyes full of Pity,
Beſeech all the Merchants of great LONDON City,

That

That they would forgive your late infamous Failing,
And ſwear you'll no more be once guilty of ſtealing.

Ye PLAY-WRIGHTS of LONDON, remark'd for good Breeding,
Well-known to the *Town* for low Puns and high Feeding,
What Folly could move you to trouble the STATE,
Ye Puppets of POWELL, who bounce and who prate?
If you play well, you're paid well, beyond your deſerving;
While *Drudges*, that teach you, are near upon ſtarving;
Not *Drudges* that mangle the Works of their Betters,
But ſuch as have *Genius*, and *Merit* in Letters:
Theſe, theſe are the Folks that dare cut and ſlaſh ye,
And make you to ſkip and leap—*ſcribble-come-daſh-ye*:
Not akin to the SIMILE-WRITER ſo recent,
That's fraught with *Injuſtice* and *Cenſure* indecent;
For which its 'cute Author that made the Tranſlation *,
Is hooted and hiſs'd at throughout the whole Nation;
Deſpis'd by his Friends, and by Strangers deteſted,
He ſkulks like a T—f, by his Conſcience arreſted.

* The Reader is deſired to excuſe our unlearned AUTHORESS, for not knowing the Difference between *Tranſlation* and *Tranſcribing* with Alterations.

Who

Who thinks that the Nation can't ſee thro' Diſguiſes,
Tho' ſubtil as Foxes, are Numſkulls and Nizies?
They will not be cheated by ſpecious Pretences;
Nor call in *two* more, to betray their *five* Senſes:
While P-TT acts with Honour to keep under Knav'ry:
Thoſe People muſt love him, who never bore Slav'ry:
They will hazard their Lives, their beſt Blood and Treaſures,
To find Ways and Means to aſſiſt his juſt Meaſures:
He's the *Holdfaſt* of *Juſtice*, the *Sov'reign's* Darling,
The Sheet-Anchor of *Freedom*, and *All* BRITISH *Sterling*:
He's wiſe in the *Council*, as well as as the *Senate*,
Was brave out of Office, and bold now he's in it:
He hears juſt Complainants, and ſtrives to relieve 'em;
And, like a good Doctor, will never deceive 'em;
Nor write a *Preſcription*, t'enrich his *Attendant*;
Nor touch a *Plum* Note to kill *Embrio* Deſcendant!
Nor ever will poiſon a good *Conſtitution*,
But leave it to *Time* for a *late* Execution.
The *Cure* is the *Point*, all juſt Doctors agree in,
And not in the *College*, *Diploma*, or *Feeing*:

So,

So, thoſe ſtyl'd *Phyſicians*, be-wig'd in gilt Coaches,
That *cure* not their *Patients*, ſhould meet with Reproaches;
And thoſe bleſt with *Genius* and *Knowlege* in *Nature*,
No Matter how *great* or how *little* in Stature,
When they *cure*, they're *deſerving* of all that is giv'n,
And *Doctors* be rated, the beſt under *Heav'n*.

Can no Phyſic cure that worſt Habit of ſtealing,
But the *Laſh* from the *Pen* to the *Heart* that has *Feeling*?
Then let it be dipt in the Heart of that Creature,
That pilfer'd the SIMILE — curſe his Ill-nature:
Or in Blood that's inflam'd, by Poiſon made putrid,
Who's guided by *Party*, firſt drunk, and then ſtupid.

Ye mighty State-ſchemers, what is it you're wanting,
That you P-TT and L—E are for ever ſupplanting?
Do you want other *Meaſures* purſued this ſeaſon?
Have ye got better *Plans*, or more *Judgment*, or *Reaſon*?
Are your *Conſciences* clearer, and leſs avaricious?
Are *Acquirements* greater, and Paſſions leſs vicious?
Are your *Hearts*, or your *Souls*, with more Virtues abounding?
Was your Country now ſinking — would you ſave it from drowning?

If

If ever your *Conſcience* was touch'd by a Woman,
Bluſh, bluſh, if you can, at the Taunt of DOLL COMMON:
But if it proves ſear'd, and no Modeſty's in ye,
I'll call in my Siſters to laſh ye, and ſkin ye;
That long have been uſed to jerk *harden'd* Fellows,
Who by *Hook*, or by *Crook*, have eſcaped the Gallows.

Can you feel what I ſay?—Muſt I call in ſome *Fury*
From LEWKNER's, or GILES's, or *Hundreds* of DRURY,
To mob ye, to palt ye, to ſcold, and beſlime ye;
To tweak ye, to pinch ye, to ſcratch ye, be-rhyme me?
Or, whatever elſe in their Minds they may hit on,
To puniſh all Thieves, and all Rogues to GREAT-BRITAIN.

One Wretch, who's corrupted, may ſcatter Contagions
From Nation to Nation, thro' Legions of Legions!
Firſt, poiſon his *Country* with foul-mouth'd *Sedition*,
And make Subjects pine at their happy Condition:
Next, cultivate *Falſhood*, as ſuits his Occaſions,
And bring over juſt Men by *artful* Perſwaſions:
Like SATAN, may care not what Miſchief is brewing,
Tho' he loads both *himſelf* and his *Imps* with their Ruin.

Brimful

Brimful of *Diſhonour*, and burning with *Anger*,
Seems bold as a Lion——when abſent all Danger:
Be Bigot to Blindneſs; be fond of Dominion;
And ſlight *Demonſtration* to back falſe *Opinion*:
Such Oddities vile, may be with him inherent;
And thro' *Fraud*'s Diſguiſes, the D——l's Vicegerent:
May be fooliſh as BATT, well depicted in Fable,
Who flies to the Beaſts to make War with the Eagle!
Like him may be ſerved, and *fail of his Ends*;
Live contemn'd by his *Foes*, and deſerted by *Friends*!

Learn hence, all ye Dablers in *Wit*, to take Warning;
And tremble at *Men*, that mix *Honour* with *Learning*:
You may burn your own Fingers and get your Hands bar-[ter'd;
By the Soil which you've thrown, you ſhall here be be-[ſpatter'd.
Know;—this is a *cenſuring*, *ſenſible Nation*,
As any *exiſting* about the *Creation*:
The People in *common*, poſſeſs their full Senſes
More free than fam'd JES'ITS with all their Pretences:
They can, if they pleaſe, give their Reaſons, ſo far—
That—*Dutch* Ships may be clear'd—to lengthen the War:

They can ſhew you as plain, as great Noſes on Faces,
The *Parties* now *touching*--their Names and their Places;
Their MACHI'VEL Scheme to eclipſe dear PITT's Glory,
To palm on *his* MASTER, *a Cock and Bull Story*;
Thus wriggle themſelves ſtill further in Favour,
Keep humming, and fawning, to ſhew fine Behaviour:
Who prove *Treaties* good, that have long ſince been broken,
By *Vander van Diable*,——by *Vander van Spoken*.

Ye K---es to your *Country*, mean Heads of a Faction;
Who can triumph and boaſt of *that* Country's Diſtraction!
Ye Monſters of *Britain*, that ſtab Truth in private;
That puniſh ſmall Crimes, and the great Ones connive at:
Would you bankrupt the Kingdom by fruitful Surmiſes,
And give up thoſe Ships that may prove fair *French* Prizes?
Shall the *Dutch* aid the *French* and give them Aſſiſtance?
Shall the *Engliſh* be *paſſive*, and make no *Reſiſtance*?
Forbid it, oh *Heaven*!——Prevent it *All-Mighty*!
Leſt Knaves, Fools, and *Dutchmen*, for ever may ſlight ye!
Let *Reaſon* and *Juſtice*, and *Honour* once rouze ye,
Or, *Spaniards* and *Dutchmen* will ev'ry Day chouze ye.

Re-

Remember that PITT is but *one* to report us;
And L--E but *another* that ſtrives to ſupport us:
They well know the *Treaty*, made *Seventy-four*,
If not *broken*; it ſhould be *diveſted* of *Power*.
But thoſe who will *read* it, to ſuit their *bad* Meaning,
The *Life* from the *Bowels* of *Britain* are gleaning:
For th' *Act* of *Injuſtice*, they ſhould be deny'd
The *Fruits* of this *Iſland*, by *Nature* ſupply'd.

Shall BRITONS ſit tamely, ſhall Courage ſtand fetter'd,
And not ſpeak a Word that the *Times* may be better'd?
Shall *Malice*, ſhall *Spite*, take the *Lead* of our *Reaſon*,
Shall *thoſe*, who oppoſe be ſuſpected of Treaſon?
But well it will happen, as well as amazing,——
Their *Genius* can keep the whole Nation from gazing!

Ne'er mind 'em, great P--TT, ſerve your *Country* and [Maſter;
Bad Actions will ſend Men to H--ll but the faſter:
They have but juſt *ſo many* Crimes to commit,
Before they'll ſurrender to HEAV'N and to P--TT.
They want you, in *Paſſion*, your *Place* to reſign,
To dreſs *Envy* and *Scandal* in Robes all divine:

But ſcorn 'em, deteſt 'em, and keep 'em at Diſtance,
You want not their Love, their Gold, or Aſſiſtance :
Great Britain adores you, and firmly relies
On your *Conduct* and *Prudence* in raiſing Supplies ;
Depend on your *Judgment* ; their Lives they can truſt,
That in this *wicked Age*, you'll prove *honeſt* and *juſt* :
Two Words worth a Million of ill-gotten Gold ;
And, nearly that Sum, to the * * * may be ſold.

Shall our *Fortunes*, protected by GEORGE and by *Heav'n*,
To the *French*, to the *Dutch*, to the D---l be given ?
Shall we part with the Nerves and the Sinews of Wars,
To bankrupt the *Merchants*, and ruin the *Tars* !
Shall we give to our Foes --- what preſerves Seamen's Lives,
Their Offſpring, the Pledges of Love, and their Wives ?
Shall bold Fellows ſtand mute, and bite Tongues aſunder,
And ſuffer dull *Dutchmen* to raviſh their Plunder ?
Conſider, ye Dupes, and ye Slaves to Ambition ;
Conſider brave Seamen's hard-fated Condition !
Conſider DOLL COMMON ! Oh ! ſtrive to relieve her,
That loſt a good Fortune in the rich Ship, PENTHIEVRE !

My

My *All* then was loſt! ——— and, my dear *Huſband* drowned!
Since then, near diſtracted! ——— with Sorrow ſurrounded!
Think on it, proud Rulers;--- think on poor Folks Loſſes;---
Their Danger, their Anguiſh, their Troubles, and Croſſes!
Say, my Body's debauch'd,---Yet, I'm juſt in my Dealing;
Still *keeping my Fingers from picking, from ſtealing!*
If you've never been honeſt, you know not the Comfort
Of ſleeping in *London*, or ſleeping in *Rumford!*
You may think what you pleaſe---unaccuſtomed to Lying;
I ſay the beſt Comfort, is *the Comfort of Dying!*

Old Rome, and Old England, afford us no Story
In which they *deſpair* of their Nation's juſt Glory.
Old Annals ſuggeſt to us Actions of Brav'ry * * * * * *
The *preſent*, preſents us ſad Proofs of our Slav'ry: * * * *
And, yet no good Lawyer, with Law beſt acquainted,
Tho' great as great could be, was ever yet ſainted.
'Tis common to make the moſt Gold of the Needy,
As, in *Pleuritic Caſes*, it is for to bleed ye.

'Tis ſaid, that Two *Dutchmen* have brought a Memorial,
That our *Engliſh* have treſpaſs'd on *Funds* territorial;

That their Ships we have taken, their Merchants diſtreſs'd;
That their Commerce and Int'reſt are very much preſs'd;
That they come full of Hope, they will all be return'd,
And the Pirates that took 'em, be laid up and burn'd;
That they're friendly Neighbours --- for the *Engliſh* have [feeling a
Are Lovers of Juſtice, and Mercy;——fair Dealing;
And would not do aught to gain *Britain*'s Diſpleaſure,
Save, ſerving themſelves, to get Home the *French* Treaſure.
Such Actions as theſe, are not worth *Britain*'s minding;
And the *Treaty* ſhe's *broken*, with her ſtill is *binding!*
Thus far is premiſed --- by Way of a Sample;
By ſhewing their *Precept*, we'll *act* by *Example*:

* * * \

Its the firſt of all *Virtues* to *injur'd Men* giv'n;
The *laſt* and *beſt* Gift from all kind gracious HEAV'N!
To *live well*, and *die well*, are Words of ſome Moment;
Too trifling for *Stateſmen* to think on, or comment:——
Yet bold *Britiſh* Seamen hold *half* of 'em good:
If they *live well*, they *care not* what comes of their Blood:
Scarce know any Fear from our Enemies Thunder;
But, expect, when on Shore, their full Share of the Plunder:
From hence, it is equal, to *Britons* born free,
Where they loſe their beſt Blood—on the Land or the Sea:
Then why not Reſpect be ſhewn unto ſuch Men?
Or, why ſhould their Prizes be given to *Dutchmen*?
They ſpeak what they think, and ne'er will diſſemble;
Command 'em to H——ll, and they'll go, and not tremble!
As pow'rful Fleets are *ſmall Charge* to a Nation;
P— TT make 'em more *potent*, and ſwell *Reputation*:
It is the beſt *Bank*, that was ever invented,
To preſerve this *bleſt Iſle* from all Knaves diſcontented:
If't *increaſes Expences*, it raiſes our *Glory*;
For which GOD will bleſs you, and *People* adore you.

It carries such *Terror* wherever we spread it,
That we gather Respect from the *Turks*, when we need it.
'Tis th' Advancement of Trade, and of Land an Improve-[ment;
Confin'd to no Place, but, at Will, makes a Movement.
Need we then mind the *Dutch*,—such Neighbours mali-[cious;
Who're haughty and cruel,—innate avaritious?

When WATSON and POCOCK, *Calcutta* retook,
The *French* that strong Fortress, with Trembling forsook;
With Effects, to *Dutch* Settlements, sudden they flew,
Their Friendship with *Dutchmen*, in Haste to renew:
No sooner those *brave Men* of Facts were informed,
Than they fetch'd them again, or the *Dutch* had been [stormed;
Dare the Subjects do more in the *Indies* than here?
French Goods, are *French* Goods, be they *here* or *there*:
No Matter where found, they are *lawful just Prize*:
And, before I would lose 'em, I'd lose both my Eyes.

As, at the Beginning I made no Excuses,
To call to my Aid Sister Prostitute *Muses*;
I must at the End invoke God APOLLO:
That the *Foes* of great PITT his wise Measures may follow.

FINIS.